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# UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

VOL. X.]

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[No. 3.]

## University Gazette.

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Rejected communications will not be returned, to which rule no exception can be made. The name of the writer must always accompany a communication.

All communications may be addressed to the Editors, P. O. Box 1290.

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### Editorials.

We direct the attention of all contributors and correspondents of the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE, to the notice that all matter intended for publication must be accompanied by the name of the author. In future this rule will be strictly adhered to. We would urge upon our friends to send in their contributions as early as possible, so that the publication may not be delayed.

### THE PROPOSED UNIVERSITY UNION.

A movement has lately been set going by the Committee of the Graduates' Society for the formation of a University Union which shall include all those societies which express a desire to join, and which conform to the rules laid down. At the annual meeting of the Graduates' Society last spring, the matter was broached and the meeting adjourned, in order to give an opportunity for some scheme of the kind being carried out. A sub-committee lately appointed by the executive of the Graduates' Society, prepared a constitution which was read at the annual meeting of the Literary Society a week or so ago, and that meeting also adjourned, with the same purpose as the annual meeting of the Graduates' Society. The object of the proposed Union is to allow of graduates paying one subscription for the several societies, instead of being bothered, as at present, by half a dozen honorary treasurers soliciting as many different subscriptions. Since the formation of the Club, it has been felt that there are too many University societies for such a small number of graduates as there are in the city, and it was the wish to lessen this evil which led the Graduates' Society to take the matter in hand. It is rather doubtful, however, whether this movement will be successful, because it seems to aggravate the evil which it is intended to remedy. It is felt that in forming a Union of this kind, we shall be practically creating a new additional society. It is also thought in some quarters that the Club would be giving more by joining the Union than it would gain. We do not ourselves agree with this view; but perhaps it might be just as well to wait until next year, when we shall know whether the Club is going to be the success that we all hope.

Our own opinion is, that the object in view might perhaps be just as well attained by a complete amalgamation of the Club and the Graduates' Society, if the constitution of the latter could be amended so as to include all the members of the former. This would reduce the number of societies by one, and would strengthen the Club. This plan, too, however involves difficulties, and it will require much thought and judgment before any practical scheme can be evolved. Still, when all are so desirous of effecting the same commendable object, it cannot be but that some method will soon be arrived at satisfactory to all concerned.



### THE LAW FACULTY.

Last year this paper urged upon the graduates of the University, upon the University authorities and upon all friends of the Faculty of Law, the necessity there was of placing it in such a position as would enable it to perform its work more efficiently. Our appeal has not been altogether in vain. The professors promptly responded to the call, saw the force of our position and did what they could to remedy defects. But, unfortunately, what they could do was but little. They have made a change in the course of lectures, a change decidedly for the better. The change made in the hours for lectures may be an improvement on last year, but is so slight that we see little in it to congratulate ourselves upon. The reason assigned for not having some of the lectures delivered in the morning was not such as a strong faculty would consider for a moment, in fact was not such as would lead us to hope that the Faculty looked forward with any very bright hopes to better days. We must confess to some disappointment; we had hoped for more decided changes, after listening to the speech of Prof. Archibald at the Law dinner last year. But the professors are not to blame; they have, almost without exception, examined our complaints with a candour both praiseworthy and encouraging, and have endeavoured, so far as they had the power, to improve the condition of the school.

The great want is that of money. The other Faculties of the University have found liberal benefactors; this one none. Surely our people cannot be alive to the importance of this school.

We look to the Graduates' Society to continue their exertions in behalf of the Faculty of Law. We believe that, as a result of an energetic and a persistent effort on the part of that Society, funds may be raised for the endowment of Chairs in this Faculty, which will enable the able body of men who are now on its Professorial staff to devote more time to their teaching duties, to lengthen the session, to put a well-equipped library within the reach of the students, and to provide a suitable building for the lectures. The recent change in the regulations of the Bar regarding admission to practice, in themselves demand a longer course of lectures, if the degree in Law in McGill is to be of any service to future candidates. But a higher motive than this even, should spur us to exert ourselves. The school is, as it now exists, no credit to the University; it will not bear comparison with the other Faculties.

There are many graduates in the city now practising Law, who owe much to this school. That they are ungrateful we do not believe; that they hold its future as of little importance is not conceivable. How

much money can be raised from among these men, and can no sympathy be enlisted outside them?

We look to the Graduates' Society to keep this matter before the public until success shall reward their exertions.

### Contributions.

#### A SIMILE.

(From V. Hugo's "*Les Rayons et les Ombres*.")

As in the stagnant waters of a moat,  
So in man's soul two aspects we may note:  
The sky, that flecks the surface, as we gaze,  
With all its shadows, and with all its rays.  
And, next, the depth—dark, silent, and unclean—  
Where hideous reptiles cluster, dimly seen!

GEO. MURRAY.

#### A MCGILL MAN.

BY JAY WOLFE.

Written for the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

#### CHAP. III.

"There are living human faces which, independently of mere physical beauty, charm and enthrall us more than the most perfect lineaments which Greek sculptor ever lent to a marble face; there are key-notes in the thrilling human voice, simply uttered, which can haunt the heart, rouse the passions, lull rampant multitudes, shake into dust the thrones of guarded kings, and effect more wonders than ever yet have been wrought by the most artful chorus or the deffest quill."

As we were walking one afternoon on Sherbrooke street, enjoying the beautifully clear autumn weather and viewing the people in their carriages, Blake suddenly asked me, "Do you know who that young lady is who has just driven past?" He might as well have asked the lamp-post as me for information about any young lady in Montreal; still, I gazed in the direction indicated, and recognized a young lady whom, in our walks, we had frequently met, driving a pair of fine-looking horses. "I don't know who it is," I replied, and forthwith dismissed the subject from my mind. On several subsequent occasions Clooney expressed his desire of knowing who the young lady was, but I thought nothing of it, and credited his exclamations to mere idle curiosity. I noticed about this time that my friend began to be more thoughtful, and as we sat of evenings reading I frequently observed him sitting with his hand under his chin and a far-away look on his face, as if he were thinking of a lost friend, or some person as far away, at least, as Nova Scotia. By an evident effort of will he would brace himself again to work, and renew the attack on the algebraic difficulty or the puzzling Latin author which he might have before him. He was beginning to feel lonely, although he had certainly enough friends amongst the fellows at college, and was quite gay and full of fun when any of them came up to our rooms. Brown, amongst others, often came to see him, and on Sundays we used generally to call at his place and all



three of us take a walk round the mountain. To be obliged to spend Sunday in a boarding-house, especially in the City of Montreal, is about the most miserable thing which can be imagined. I am a kind of fellow who never makes friends, and can get along pretty well without them. At that time I knew no one, I may say, in Montreal, and consequently did not receive invitations to dinner or tea on Sundays, as a great many other men did. Neither did Blake know anyone, so that we spent Sunday together. I made a rule of rising between eleven and twelve, and very often went without my breakfast lest I should have no appetite for my dinner, which came on punctually at one. Blake religiously went to church morning and evening, as all respectable and well-brought-up youths should. I went in the evening, as a rule, more because it was a change of scene, and helped to pass away the time, than for any other reason. Like a certain famous lawyer, "I belonged to no church, but was an honorary member of them all." Sunday was the great day with us for reading novels and writing letters, and also for paying and receiving calls. I am afraid the respectable reader who spends his Sunday in the bosom of his happy family, will be very much shocked at this confession. He thinks, probably, that this was a terrible way of spending the first day of the week. He will be more shocked to know that students have even been known to play cards on Sunday, and worse still, to play for money. Some, of course, attend Sunday school, and some take part in religious exercises at the Young Men's Christian Association, but the great majority do nothing of the kind. When I get a wife and a comfortable house I intend to inaugurate a new mission in Montreal. There are at present missions of all kinds for girls; there is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Servant Girls, there is the Young Women's Association, there is the W. C. Temperance Union, there are evening schools where dancing and cookery are taught, there are homes and refuges of all sorts superintended by good and kind people. I think it is now time that some attention were given to the young men of the city, and I accordingly propose to found an association for asking students who are strangers in the city out to dine on Sundays, and, in fact, for doing the good Samaritan to them generally. How even I should have appreciated in those days an invitation to dinner on Sundays and a walk with the young ladies in the afternoon. It wasn't that Mrs. Slitherum didn't feed us well enough, but it was just that it would have done one good to partake for one day in the week of the feeling of being in a home.

I said that I noticed that Blake was beginning to feel lonely, and so he was. Especially of a Sunday afternoon, as the shadows deepened, and the stillness of the day of rest increased, his heart longed with an inexpressible want; he became subject to day-dreams, and I have even seen his eyes suffused with tears. I rallied him as much as possible, and had great fear that he was in for a fit of sickness. And sure enough he was, although it was only love sickness—he was in a state of predisposition to that fatal malady. He was not then in love, but he was on the very verge

of that state, gradually sinking, as it were, into the pond. I have a theory that the fact of one's falling in love depends little or nothing upon the object who is supposed to give rise to the sacred passion; I believe it depends to the greatest extent upon the condition in which the subject happens to be at the particular epoch, and, though one is more naturally attracted towards a young and handsome or pretty person than towards an old and decrepit one, still, if the former were not present, I have not the slightest doubt but that we should be equally infatuated with the latter. Well, then, I consider that Blake's mental and physical system was at that period in a state predisposed to love, and that was the reason that he was thus smitten down at such an early age. I first found the secret out one evening that Brown, himself, and myself were at a concert together in the Queen's Hall. Shortly after we were seated a young lady, accompanied by an elderly person, evidently her mother, entered and took her seat immediately behind us. Blake did not seem to notice them particularly when they came in, but after a short time the young lady said something to her mother, and when he heard her voice he blushed slightly and gave a perceptible start. This made me suspicious, and by a little manoeuvring I looked behind to see if I knew who the people were, when I recognized our friend who drove the nice horses, and who had excited Clooney's curiosity on Sherbrooke street. Leaning over, I whispered in Brown's ear, and asked him if he knew who they were, and he told me that it was Mrs. Mayflower and her daughter, Miss Edith Josephine Mayflower. That night, when we went home, I chaffed Blake about the young lady, and he there and then confessed to me that he was in love with her, and would give worlds to have an introduction. He had never spoken to her, and had never heard her speak until that evening, when her voice seemed to send a thrill of pleasure through his veins and to overpower his whole nature. He told me that when she came into the hall that evening he had not noticed her, but that the minute she spoke he knew she was there, although he had never heard her voice before. This was somewhat of an hallucination on his part, I feel sure, although he sticks persistently to his statement. I told him the young lady's name, and gave him some sound advice about sticking to his work and not minding the girls, because I knew that nothing would prove so ruinous to his career at college as a love affair. To read for honours in mathematics and at the same time be over head and ears in love is, perhaps, the most impossible task which any young man could have cut out for him. The society man never was and never will be a success at college. Blake took my warning in good part, but I imagine the only effect it had was to make him a little more reticent with me about his feelings.

We had now settled down to work, and were even beginning to think a little about the Christmas examinations. The Sports day had come and gone, and all the fellows were sticking closer to their books. Neither of us had taken any part in the Sports, but Cutler, a medical, who boarded in the same house, had, and I blessed him for it. He took it into his



head to train for the walking match, and every morning, for three weeks or a month, I could hear him in his room, at about half-past five, going through gymnastic exercises of a very vigorous kind before going out for his usual turn on the college grounds. I could hear, "one, two, three," thump, "four, five, six," thump, as he imitated Barnjum with the barbells or the clubs. I really think he would have won the race had he not gone in for refusing different kinds of food for about a week beforehand. The consequence of his abstinence was that he nearly fainted on the field, and narrowly escaped a consumption.

For many years it has been the custom for the students to attend the Academy on the evening of the Sports, and to have a procession through the streets afterwards, singing and extinguishing lamps, and annoying the police generally. There are some who decry this custom, and heap abuse upon the students for being young and having some fun in them. Staid old citizens think such performances disgraceful and ungentlemanly, and so on; they naturally dislike to be awakened by discordant noises under their windows; they forget the time when they were young themselves, and perhaps it is just as well that they do. I do not wish to be thought an upholder of ungentlemanly conduct, even though the accused be students, but I like to see students with some student life among them. When I was at college I always took part in these proceedings, and I seldom saw an ungentlemanly act performed. I know some of the papers delighted to make editorial comments in the homily style on our conduct, and one vinegar-visaged reporter in especial was wont to freely give vent to his splenetic displeasure at seeing anyone daring to be cheerful, by exaggerating our misdeeds and calling us in effect cads. Of late years some things have been done which ought not to have been done, but there is no denying that the papers have been too ready to make mountains out of mole-hills.

That year the chief feature of the proceedings was a grand serenade which we made on one of the young ladys' boarding-schools in the vicinity of Sherbrooke street. As we were marching up Bleury street we passed a house which was being repaired, and seeing a ladder leaning against the wall, Blake, myself, and some others took it into our heads that it might prove useful to us later on, and we accordingly carried it with us on our way rejoicing. On arriving at Mrs. Snorter's boarding-school we placed the ladder in position, and prevailed on Cutler, who had a horn with him and was making an infernal noise, to mount to a window which we surmised to belong to the young ladys' sleeping apartments. The minute Cutler put his foot on the window sill we removed the ladder for the sake of mischief, and he was left holding on by the window. He gently lowered the window, which happened to be unclosed, and, inserting his horn, gave a blast diabolical enough to have raised half the dead on the other side of the mountain. Shrieks and stampeding were heard inside, and Cutler turned to implore us to put up the ladder and let him down, but by this time a policeman was seen approaching, and we took our departure, taking care,

however, to carry the ladder with us. We had not forgotten his early-morning exercises over our heads, and the disturbance to our sleep which he caused, and we were determined to have some revenge.

*(To be continued.)*

#### AN ALLEGORY.

A torrent from the rugged hills  
Came bounding to the plains below,  
And shook his white arms at the mills,  
That dared to check him in his flow.

Mad were his freaks. Like frightened chase,  
Down many a lonely glen he sprung,  
And o'er a great cliff's swarthy face,  
A fluttering silver curtain hung.

He thundered on a thousand crags,  
And gnawed the banks his tide that hemmed.  
Or, creeping, scarcely stirred the flags,  
With which his sombre pools were gemmed.

He murmured even in the plain,  
And, wasting strength where'er he passed,  
Seemed fated that he should remain  
A mountain torrent to the last.

But soon he met a crystal brook,  
Slow winding through a lovely glade,  
With many a romantic nook  
Beneath the maples' dancing shade.

Throughout a rolling plain it wound,  
And made a garden of a waste,  
And all who drank its waters found  
Them cool and grateful to the taste.

Checked was the torrent's reckless course,  
And, widening out, both silently  
Flowed onward, with majestic force,  
A mighty river, to the sea.

ARTHUR WEIR.

#### MENTAL SLAVERY AND MENTAL FREEDOM.

##### I.

Mental Slavery—the words are a fearful combination. Freedom has been hunted through the world, and is ever exposed to insult and injury. It has been crushed by conquest; frowned from courts; expelled from colleges; scorned out of society; flogged in schools; and anathematised in churches. Mind is her last asylum; and if freedom quail there, what becomes of the hope of the world, or the worth of human nature?

The association of "mind" with "liberty" may almost be called natural or instinctive; the one term suggests the other. To think of mind is to think of freedom; it occurs as readily as in connection with whatever in nature is most expansive and universal. We use the phrase "free as the mind" in the same way as we speak of being "free as the air." And the analogy holds beyond that first association; for both air and water may stagnate, and, instead of becoming elements of life and enjoyment, be rendered sources of disease, pestilence, and death; but even these are only feeble types of the miseries which result from a stagnation of thought, and the evils inflicted on society when its mind is subject to the curse of slavery. So intimate is this connection, that even the philosophical doctrine which traces the laws of mind and of thought—for they, like all existences, have laws by which their powers are developed and their results produced—even that has been prejudiced



by the unhappy choice of such a term as "philosophical necessity," there being a recoil from the application of the word "necessity" to such an operation as that of thought; a disposition to assert freedom even in a sense incompatible with the existence of law and the harmonious connection of cause and effect.

This instinctive attachment to the union of mentality with liberty is warranted by experience. Nothing can be done for a people who are mentally enslaved. The wisest and most liberal institutions may be established by some great legislator, but the grovelling spirit of the people will take away all the power of such institutions, perverting and bringing them down to their own sordidness. You may conquer freedom for such a country from external force; but even when the invader has been resisted, or when, by some Brutus or Cassius, the tyrant has been struck down to the earth, the innate slavery will be found too much for the external emancipation; still will chains be sought and worn, nor is there any hope of redemption for a nation, or prospect of progress for the world, except as intellect can be aroused to assert its own dignity, claim its rightful province of investigation, and pursue its career of independent examination and individual conclusion.

There are various states which alike belong to this general description of "mental slavery." It exists wherever any topic of thought is, what they call in Tahiti, "tabooed," a phrase which, attention drawn towards that distant region, has rendered not unfamiliar. Certain ruling classes in society have placed a religious restriction around particular objects of thought; they have warned the popular mind from off these regions, in order that they might the more effectually subdue it into subserviency to their own dictates. Whoever submits to be debarred from the investigation of any object of human interest, thereby confesses himself a slave—a mental slave. So also is that large class of people who, in a country like this, divided into parties, are so often found playing the game of "Follow my leader"—men who look not at principles, but persons; pinning their faith upon the sleeve of some one individual who has managed to ingratiate himself with them; who denounce what he denounces, and praise what he praises; who look to him as a kind of fugleman, by whom it must be determined whether they shall shout or remain silent, whether they shall clamour for this or for that; who investigate not the principles upon which measures are founded, or the results to which they may lead, but who think it enough that the *master* has said that such measures must be adopted, thus making themselves his "tools" in the very worst sense of that word—following him wherever he may choose to lead, and elevating him upon their shoulders, it may be into the possession of an authority, from which, when attained, he will look down with scorn upon those who have placed him there, becoming a far greater tyrant than those whom they have enabled him to supersede and displace.

Nor is this the only way in which the mind is debased, and the human spirit degraded. Not only the tools themselves, but the tool-user, is often caught

in this net; for as he consulted their prejudices to gain his influence, so must he continue to study them in order to maintain his ascendancy. If they dare not say their souls are their own, so he in his turn is reduced to have them become, as it were, his soul, so long as he requires their aid. He has to look closely to his words, lest he offend them; he is obliged to think what will please them, rather than what is true, just, and right in itself. He has to endeavour to extend his influence, although it be by the compromise of their dearest interests, and the sacrifice of their truest principles. It is necessary that he should look to the right hand and the left, and often forego the support of, and sometimes even have to denounce, measures which he believes to be most wise and desirable; and thus cajoling his own conscience, he bows his neck to a yoke, while he is, in appearance, wielding a sceptre. As they disgrace themselves by playing the game of "Follow my leader," the leader himself plunges yet more deeply into the mire, by practising the far more despicable game of *following his followers*.

What catch-words have been employed to impose upon men, and frighten them from investigation! In what different ways have they endeavoured to reconcile themselves to foregoing the exercise of some faculty of their minds on topics that well deserve and demand the exercise of all their intellectual energies! Dr. Watts, for example, entertained a profound veneration for John Locke. He wrote an ode, in which he placed the spirit of that great writer in the celestial regions; but after this description of the soul of John Locke in heaven, he recollected that his great favourite was, unfortunately, a heretic, and did not believe in certain doctrines professed by the theological school to which the doctor himself belonged, and which by them are deemed essential to salvation. To obviate the difficulty he stretched his poetic license a little farther, and actually converted the soul of John Locke to orthodoxy after death had dismissed him from the visible to the invisible world. Now, Dr. Watts was a man who, upon other topics than that of theology, gave proof of possessing a better spirit than this would indicate.

Good principles, and just in their origin, becoming perverted or unmeaning in the lapse of time, have sometimes enslaved even great minds. There was a period when the people of England were most reasonably and justly attached to their sovereign; when the people and the crown were united against the baronial aristocracy; and in that alliance, offensive and defensive, they were paving the way for a greater enjoyment of political freedom. Hence sprang that fervent loyalty, of which tyrannical sovereigns subsequently took advantage, and which became a conventionalism to such an extent, that the cavaliers who followed the standard of Charles I. declared they would fight to death for the crown, even though it were only stuck upon a thorn bush. This reverence for royalty affected strongly even the mind of such a man as Lord Bacon. He could see truth clearly on other subjects, at a period when it had been obscured by the jargon of the schools, and he prepared the way for those wonderful advances which have since been



made in science; but while his eye was so keen for the perception of those maxims of freedom, justice, and policy which belong to social life, yet he spoke with the folly of a child of the acquirements of sovereigns. But what station is exempt from the influences which reduce to mental slavery?

One of the influences of mental slavery is that which affects the literature of the country. This is, perhaps, a form of the evil more important than any other, because it is more insidious. It corrupts the intellectual air we breathe; penetrating into the thoughts, and coming upon us unawares. Political slavery and external bondage give some warning, and may be guarded against, resisted, and thrown off; but the mental slavery which is conveyed by books infuses itself into minds as corrupt air does into the physical frame, rendering them feeble, inert, incapable of helping themselves, and undesirous of assistance from others.

There is a remarkable instance in English literature of the embodiment in an individual of this mental slavery. We very often hear Dr. Johnson spoken of as the "great moralist." He is held up to veneration by those who desire to affect the mind in a particular way, and would have it grow within certain restrictions, but not attain to any very high degree of strength or the fullness of its maturity. Johnson was just the man for this purpose. Notwithstanding the praises which have been heaped upon him by those who might have been expected to look at literature a little more philosophically; even as a critic, Dr. Johnson was an impersonation of whatever is most prejudiced, narrow, gross, and grovelling, in the vulgar portion of the British intellect. He appeared to be great, merely because he gave back in high-sounding words what the ignorant thought in plainer terms. And what was he in reality? What truth did he elucidate, or what error explode? What dying superstition was there in religion and politics, the existence of which he did not endeavour to uphold? He was a Jacobite when Jacobitism was all but worn out. One of the last who held allegiance to the house of Stuart, he was one of the first of its adherents who accepted a pension from, and rendered Tory loyalty to, the Hanoverian intruder. He was a believer in ghosts when every one else began to smile at the very idea; nay, he was even a ghost-seer, or rather a ghost-hearer himself; seriously and gravely recording, that about the time of his mother's death, at midnight, he heard a cry—"Sam! Sam! Sam!"—three times over, "though nothing came of it." He was so narrow in his charities, that he sets it down as a great act of Christian feeling, that one day when he had partaken of the sacrament at church he gave an old woman half-a-crown, "although he saw she had Hart's hymns in her hands"—the evangelical hymn-book of the period. And over his whole course of life there was the gloom of that fear of death which superstition nourished in him, ever growing more and more terrible, leaving his name at last—

"To point a moral and adorn a tale,"

to be a watch-word to those who would tie people to worn-out superstitions, and make them dwell in the

shadow of things gone by, regarding the rising of the sun, whether of thought or political liberty, as owls and bats do the appearance of the luminary, which sheds joy and brightness over all creation.

I have dwelt long upon this instance, because by the books of a people the mind is either nourished or poisoned. There is no better method of invigorating the mental powers, or rearing the soul to maturity, than the companionship of books written in a pure, free, and lofty spirit. The warning of Cassius was well founded—

"Let noble minds keep ever with their like."

What had Brutus to do with companionship to Caesar? The true and free intellect will have its chosen familiarity with books of kindred spirit; delighting to wander with More in his Utopia, where he found refuge from the oppression of his time, and indulged in the anticipation of what society should some day become,—luxuriating with universal Shakespeare in the world at large, with men of all ranks and characters, in their diversities, forming the loftiest and truest harmony,—ascending with Milton to "breathe empyrean air," and look down on the world from an elevation to which they alone can attain who dwell in an atmosphere of truth, seeing how clear and bright all things are, viewed through that transparent and elevated medium,—consorting with such philosophers as Akenside, in his first aspiration endeavouring to "breathe the soul of Plato into British verse;"—and recreating himself with the lyrical strains of Burns, or the true-hearted Robert Nicoll. Let but the spirit of such men as these encompass the votary of mental freedom, and he will live to some purpose in the world. If these are his literary tastes, his political principles will not be for measures which would lay the country prostrate at the feet of a grasping, aristocratical clique.

But an attempt to affect the permanent mental thralldom of a nation cannot ultimately succeed. To enslave the mind and thought of a country is a gigantic enterprise, and those who would embark in it would be sure eventually to find themselves mistaken. Imagine an attempt to enslave the mind of England! That mind which showed its power in the very commencement of her history; which, in their Saxon ancestors, prevailed over the feeble Aborigines, and made itself national—which quailed not before subsequent conquests, but subdued the conquerors themselves; which, in Wickliffe and Chaucer, created from a chaos of words the grand language of the country—so capable of all modes of expression, the utmost depth of sensation, the most fervent glow of poetry; which won at so early a period a then unrivalled freedom of institutions, and the germ of the representative system, while the rest of Europe still struggled under the yoke of feudalism; which rebelled against despotism over conscience, and so reformed itself, even before the outward adoption of the Protestant Reformation; nor quietly bore even that as a yoke when it also became a domination; which kindled up in the Elizabethan era that magnificent constellation of poets and philosophers, whose light will beam upon the world through long



coming ages ; which has originated the most ingenious mechanical inventions, and applied them to the useful arts of life, laying, as it were, a foundation for the future prosperity of the country in its wealth, and subduing the earth to the good of humanity ; which, even now, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, of all cant and conventionalism, heaves and throbs with the birth of new forms of civilization, better adapted to the wants of human nature, which, in due time, will give them vitality, and cherish them to maturity, thus asserting the worth of its own freedom, and the extent of its powers. Enslave that mind ! Could that be done, we might well say, that

"The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble !"

—H. M.

(To be continued.)

#### FEMAL(E) [NOT FLAME] COLORATION.

##### I.

A gay co-ed. came tripping  
Adown the college stair,  
Her smiling face was crimson  
As the comb that turkeys wear.  
When asked whence came those blushes,  
The blow-pipe, 'twas, she said,  
She found that when she *blew* it  
It always made her *red*.

##### II.

This same co-ed. sat reading,  
In solemn midnight hush ;  
Upon her lap a "Dana,"  
Close by her side a "Brush."  
And, strange to say, whenever  
She read these text-books o'er,  
They did not make her *redder*,  
But *bluer* than before.

"SISTER MARY."

#### "VARIOUS GIRLS."

In these times of reform when women are seeking and obtaining their proper positions in life, and, when "what shall be done with Mary?" is just as much a topic of family discussion as "what shall be done with John?" in these times of improvement, invention and bustle, when the world is turned upside down in its maddening career, there is one object which remains the same, and that is the "typical school girl." But this same "typical school girl" is cast in various moulds, and it is with these moulds that we are all familiar, as we each in days gone by represented one of them.

Do we not all remember, perhaps with a little sigh of regret because we were not so, "the studious girl," who, as head of the class, was the living model and walking precept of all her schoolmates? Her title as "Head girl", was the crown she wore on her graceful head, and the sceptre she swayed was that of "knowledge." Her lithe, thin figure was surmounted by a face unusually thoughtful for "one so young;" with deep penetrating eyes that seemed to read your innermost thoughts, but which at times could beam with unwonted merriment—when "With counterfeited glee, she laughed at all the teacher's jokes, for rarely a joke had he." From her throne she looked down on us, poor unfortunates below her, who having the

little knowledge, which proverbially "is a dangerous thing," and having neither the ambition nor the courage to attain that quantity which puts one out of danger, were compelled constantly to refer to her as our consulting oracle of wisdom.

Her friend and companion was a rather thin medium sized girl, with sharp black eyes, low forehead, smooth hair, thin pursed up lips and a little short nose. Her slender figure was encased in a gown of scrupulous neatness; partially covering this was a spotless white apron pinned up at the top with a small gold brooch. Around her neck was a collar of immaculate purity and stiffness. A self-satisfied air rested on her countenance, and during intermission, whilst busy talking, she imparts to her friend, with a good-humoured sense of superiority, "that she never seen such a lot of girls in her life, so rough and untidy." Do we not recognize her as forming one of the embryos of Lea's greatness, namely, "An old maid."

Then there was the girl who always sat at the foot of the class, who minus various buttons, and plus a good many pins, most noticeable of all being a large one fastening her collar at the back, which being always limp had a natural tendency to lie down, which her hair had not. She, with a good-natured smile used to come sailing in late nearly every morning, and when reprimanded and told to stay in after school, always accepted it in a most resigned and patient manner. She, it was, who forgot nearly everything, lent all she had, and borrowed in a reckless manner, pins and pencils, paper and ink, always, of course, with the intention of returning, which was seldom, "comme les beaux jours." Her friendship was not to be despised, as her heart was unlimited, and she was the ready sympathizer of all—"We may smile at the remembrance of such girls as these, but they can never excite our anger; they are usually on the best terms with themselves, and it follows almost as a matter of course, in good humour with everyone about them."

Even now we call to mind "The amiable girl," at which remembrance a thousand happy memories rush into our thoughts at once—and we see her standing before us, her kindly face beaming with gentleness, goodness and truth. The ready sympathizer and friend of all, listening with a kind and attentive ear to all tales of real and imaginary wrongs, yet with the good sense and tact never to repeat what she hears, for she has learned the adage "silence is golden," and puts it into practice.

"She was not fair, but in her face  
There was a purity of soul  
That gave each feature perfect grace  
Lift up, and beautified the whole."

"Her laugh was low and often heard,  
Her smile, soon woke, most passing sweet;  
Her sympathies went quickly forth,  
Another joy or woe to meet."

Naturally clever, yet she did not seek to outshine her companions, but was satisfied to remain about the middle of the class, and seemed what she was, "the connecting link" between the "head" and "foot" girls.



In the happiest and best spent lives there is always a sigh of regret for "what might have been." What would we not give if we could only re-live a few of the hours that are gone, if only, to place a few bright spots in the schoolgirl life of her whom we all snubbed. For every schoolgirl knows that as there is "a black sheep in every flock" so there is "an outcast" in every class. Her society was never sought, and she being too timid to presume her own on anyone, was allowed to spend her time alone, to eat her lunch in solitude, and pass the hours of recreation in study. No one saw or pretended to see the longing, hungry looks she gave after us and our boon companions as we went off to have a good game of "tag" or "mossy." Ah me! if we could only have known the pleasure it would have afforded, would we not have broken the ring of our charmed circle, and asked her in?

Then there was the "Flirt," a creation which our mothers would lead us to believe was a very recent one, and was "never known when they were young." But our mothers must be getting very old, or their memories very poor, for we have evidence of her existence, very far back in history.

People's ideas of a flirt differ very much, and were we to attempt to describe these ideas, the number and variety of them would fill volumes. But our "school-girl flirt," as we remember her, was not a bad sort of a girl, and one whom we all liked, if we did not respect. Rather nice-looking, naturally clever, but too much otherwise engaged to devote much time to study. Dressed well and with a certain amount of dash and go-aheadness in her, which if devoted to a better cause, would have stood her more real good in after life.

Grown up before her time, she never was a girl, but from a child was suddenly transformed into a "young lady" aped her elders in many ways—talked of the latest styles, the splendid novels, and spent her time and energy in writing notes to, and entertaining on the sly, some mysterious youth of the opposite sex, who, if guided by her report would lead one to believe, was a "modern Alexander" with no more worlds to conquer, and was devoting his final energies to overcome and conquer her.

"Oh Love! what art thou Love? a wicked thing,  
Making green misses spoil their work at school.  
A melancholy man cross-gartering?  
Grave ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool?"

"A youngster tilting at a wedding ring!  
A sinner sitting on a cuttie stool!  
A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel  
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?"

About five minutes past nine, just when prayers were ended, the door opened with a sudden jerk, and in came a girl all panting and in a flutter; in her agitation one of her books dropped, and, whilst attempting to pick it up, the whole went with a bang, at which everybody started, and the teacher looking up, asked what she meant coming in late and making such a noise? "I couldn't help it," she replied, in a melancholy, whining voice. "I was late in starting, and I missed the street-car, and I had to walk, and it was so far, and I forgot my strap, and I didn't know my books were going to fall." She is told to take a dis-

credit for being late, and another for making such a disturbance. And as her schoolgirl life goes on from Monday to Saturday, and from September to July, she is always late, always in trouble. Can't do this because it is too hard, and because she never has tried. Always complaining—she must have been born on Saturday. When asked to do anything for a friend, she replied, "she would like to ever so much, but had no time."

No one liked her very much, of which fact she was cognizant, and she often said so herself. No one attempted to deny it, for it is a peculiarity of school-girls to make no denial of what appears to them "self-evident truth." Perhaps had she only stopped to think how very disagreeable she was making it for herself and those around her, she would have tried to be more agreeable, but it is one of the adjuncts of grumblers never to think.

But as time will not permit that I should detain you longer by attempting to describe any more of the peculiarities which distinguish "Various girls." I shall bring this brief essay to a close, and if in any of these sketches we should detect anything of ourselves, let us for a moment pause and consider whether these traits are what our best thoughts commend as fundamental principles for our riper and nobler characters.

"No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt  
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise  
Interpreter between the gods and men."

———"Let her make herself her own  
To give or keep, to live and learn and be  
All that not harms distinctive womanhood."

———"Be that you are  
That is a woman; if you be more  
You're none."

A LADY UNDERGRADUATE.

[For the University Gazette.]

LINES SUGGESTED BY READING "THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER."

"Oh! as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum  
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,  
Oh! how soon will ye come,—too soon! and long to turn backward  
Up to its hill tops again, to the sun-illuminated, where Judgment  
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,  
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven."

LONGFELLOW.

Collect now the fragments of thoughts that have vanished,  
Collect now resolves that have pass'd with your youth,  
Throw round the cold present those memories vanished,  
When you liv'd Heaven's ensample of love and of truth.

Snatch an hour from your load of toil, trouble and sorrow,  
And summon up now the bright dreams of the past;  
Think of all the free fancies you were then fast to borrow  
From the mystical future, and to change them as fast.

From vice you turn'd frightened, and away fled in terror,  
With joy and with song your youth-blood was rife;  
And from sorrow you sped, as from falsehood and error,  
That fearing, these hating, yet enchanted with life.

How many of all the thought-pictures, gay-painted,  
Have presented their forms on the canvas of time?  
Could you ask the lost friends, then lov'd and now sainted  
To look down and examine this self-work of thine?

Oh! say can you love with that fervid devotion,  
Which encircles the heart of the innocent child?  
Do the dark waves of hate, of sin, indiscretion,  
Never rush o'er your soul in a turbulence wild?

Then summon again, from the time that has vanished,  
The true and the good of your earlier days;  
In sympathy sweet and with sentiment garnished,  
You may travel again brief youth's sunny ways.



## McGill News.

### NOT FAIR.

French Professor (to Young Lady Student who enters the lecture room ten minutes behind time)

"Miss——, how do you come to be so late?"

Y. L. S.—"I was studying rhetoric, Dr.——, and I did not hear the bell ring."

F. P. "And so you took *French leave*, eh?"

Y. L. S. (*sotto voce*) "No, I was robbing *Peter* to pay *Paul*."

### OUR LADY UNDERGRADUATES AS CHEMISTS.

Our chemical laboratory has been rubbing its eyes very briskly of late, and wondering what has diverted this easy-going, busy old world out of its sing-song way. Ladies—yes, truly! ladies fair and maidenly have invaded its ancient and sacred precincts, to grace it as it never was before. It now experiences new sights and unfamiliar sounds, and wonders, as it listens; what do they mean, as they exclaim—"What dear little pots!" (*alias* crucibles in vulgar parlance) "Such cute flasks!" "See my sweet little test tubes!" "Oh, did you ever see such funny things!" or shudders as "O look out; it is beginning to explode!" or, "I think you are real mean not to wait until I begin!" When things do go off with a bang, as is liable with any one, they are all convulsed with laughter, and quickly gather round to examine and discuss the "bang."

When results do not come out as the books predict, these fair chemists declare the books at fault, or else with true womanly instinct, and it is a most excellent trait, they persevere stubbornly until at last they succeed.

"Oh look, see! do come and see!" is a favorite call, as some one makes a new and startling discovery in the chemical world, and all flock around, amazed and intensely interested in the new-found wonder.

We are very glad to see these new faces within these rooms, formerly haunted only by the uninteresting, steady, go-as-you-please male student. We are sure they will succeed, as, naturally skilled in the art of cleanliness, an art most indispensable in chemical work, they will put to shame their astonished male colleague, as he gazes on their neatly-arranged chemicals and scrupulously clean tables. Hidden behind great roomy aprons, which cover even their sleeves, they look the very embodiment of scientific searchers, and from out behind these voluminous coverings we will look for new revelations in this branch of scientific investigation.

Hoping they will not burn and stain their pretty hands with those horrid acids, or, worse still, mar their comely faces with unseemly explosives, we trust they will enjoy and fully appreciate their new branch of study.

### LECTURE OF MR. BARNETT.

The Faculty of Applied Science, and many others interested in engineering work, were favored with an

excellent lecture by Mr. Barnett, of Port Hope, on "The Theory and Mechanism of Continuous Brakes." This gentleman has paid much attention to this very valuable part of railroad mechanism, and had the honor of presiding over a committee of experts appointed by the American Government to examine and report on the best methods and systems of brakes. His lecture was very interesting, concise and clear, and at the close a hearty vote of thanks was tendered him for his kindness.

Dr. Harrington took the class on Geology out to Lachute on Saturday, Oct. 30th. After going over as much of the local geology as possible, the boys had dinner at "the Windsor" of the place,—the Dr. having thoughtfully remembered the physical needs of his students while catering to their mental improvement. Wilson's paper mill was gone through in the afternoon. The early evening was devoted to seeing the lions of the town. On the homeward run each station was serenaded, so that people might know that McGill holds Halloween. Three of the party have to thank some of the fair inhabitants of Lachute for a most hospitable supper. J. W. McOuat, B.A., '87, met the class at the station and acted as guide.

On Saturday, Oct. 23rd, Sir William, accompanied by thirteen of the Geology class and Eric Harrington, Esq., visited Point Claire and St. Annes. The new C.P.R. cuttings at the latter place have opened new fields for observation, and may change the ideas at present current about the local geology. The boys coming home on the train were, in the language of a fellow-traveller, "very hilarious."

The semi-annual business meeting of the College Y.M.C.A. will be held in No. 1 Class Room on Saturday evening next, 20th inst., at 7.30. Important business relating to the proposed building and other matters will be brought before the meeting.

## Societies.

### UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The meeting of this Society, held on the 5th November, was attended by the following: Messrs. R. C. Smith, Doherty, Oughtred, Brooke, Murray, Ritchie, Turner, Murphy, Unsworth, Mackie, S. Cross and Fry. Mr. R. C. Smith, the new president, occupied the chair for the first time. It was decided, after a short discussion, that a Dinner be held this Session, but the date was left for future consideration. The committee had discussed the desirability of getting up a series of lectures. Mr. James Russell Lowell was mentioned as one who might be induced to deliver one. The meeting did not appear to be in favour of committing the Society to the series, but instructed the committee to find out whether Mr. Lowell would come on, and the cost of his lecture, and that of others.

"Would a double standard of currency be preferable to one of gold?" formed the subject of the debate, upon which Mr. W. F. Ritchie led off in the affirmative.



He was supported by Mr. S. Cross, and opposed by Messrs. Mackie and Unsworth. The affirmative based their argument upon the scarcity of gold and its consequent appreciation, trying at the same time to show that the fluctuation in the relative value of gold and silver is comparatively small. The opposition maintained that the fluctuation is considerable, or rather that the difference in value is constantly increasing, and that the impossibility of keeping relative value as fixed by law the same as that put upon them by the public, is a disturbing element in business, and an injustice to the wage earning class in particular. The United States Trade Dollar received the usual amount of abuse. The question was almost unanimously decided in the negative.

Messrs. Charles Barnard, Patterson and Topp were nominated as members.

At the usual weekly meeting on the 12th inst., the president, Mr. R. C. Smith, presided. The following new members were elected: Messrs. Charles A. Barnard, F. Topp and Wm. Patterson.

A very spirited debate took place on the question of the establishment of a Labour Bureau. Messrs. W. H. Turner and C. J. Doherty upholding the affirmative, and Messrs. McGoun, J. K. Unsworth and J. R. Murray, the negative. The decision of the meeting was in favour of the affirmative.

#### UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

At the meeting on Friday, October 29th, R. B. Henderson, the president, occupied the chair, twenty members being present. After a good deal of minor business, the question of having a piano was brought up—this was held over for consideration. Mr. S. R. Brown's recitation was the chief point in the evening's programme: nothing better has been heard by the Society for years. J. A. McPhail sustained the negative side on that most amusing subject,—“Resolved, that a course in Science is preferable to one in Arts.” His speech was the only one worthy of the name, though Mr. Hunter is to be congratulated on his first attempt. The meeting, by a vote of three to none, decided in favour of the affirmative.

At the meeting on November 5th, the Secretary read a communication from the Literary and Scientific Society, University of Toronto, as to the advisability of arranging intercollegiate debates. A committee was appointed to consider and report. The Society decided to procure a piano for one month.

Essay:—“Is there not an Incompatibility between the Present Condition of Liberty and the State of the Human Soul.” Needless to say, its author was Mr. Duke. Eliot read “The Battle of Naseby.” Naismith sang Song 88, aided by a chorus. “Is Capital Punishment a Justifiable Principle.” Hall, Naismith, Charters, on the affirmative, were opposed by Gerrie, Mason, Robinson. Decision was in favour of affirmative. Johnson read his criticisms, and the meeting adjourned amid a song.

At the meeting on Friday, November 12th, it was decided to ask the Faculty's permission to obtain a piano. A committee, among the members of which

were Johnson, Pedley, and Eliot, was appointed to try and make the programme more interesting. J. A. McPhail's Essay was on “Education.” A. R. Johnson read to the members.

“Is prohibition a justifiable principle?” Messrs. Duke, Moore, and Sutherland, were successful in saying “Aye”: while Messrs. Henderson, Truell, and Paton, spoke against the question.

#### DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

A very successful and well attended meeting of this Society, was held on the 2nd November, '86, in the Donalds Reading Room.

The president, Miss Simpson, made a short address, heartily welcoming the new members. After important business matters had been discussed, a very amusing paper entitled “Various Girls” was read, followed by an interesting sketch of the life of Samuel Lover, enlivened by selections from his works.

OCTAVIA G. RITCHIE,  
*Sec.-Treasurer.*

#### Sporting.

#### McGILL'S TRIP TO KINGSTON.

I was apprised of this excursion Friday morning, the 5th inst., and lost no time making arrangements to join the gallant fifteen, that, confident of victory, set out that evening for Upper Canada. We made a pleasant run to Sharbot Lake, and then took the “K. and P.” for Kingston. It was here the trip began to be interesting. The men were not tired and Capt. Macdonnell, who behaved like a brick all through the excursion, turned out the lights and requested the team to wrap itself in slumber. But you couldn't sleep on that road even if Professor ——— was lecturing on Ph ———y, the cars rock so. Several waggish gentlemen, imagining they were still on the C. P. R., informed the conductor that “they were not used to such luxury” and called his attention to how “high they were living” and also ordered large helps of “good grub galore.” Others wished to know why there was no track on the road, and amused themselves with a couple of banjos and vocal imitations of the air-brakes which is done by hissing gently, and at length, the name of one of the team's forwards, thus:

“H—U—G—H—E—S—S—S!”

The boys were consequently somewhat fatigued when they arrived at Kingston at 6.30 A.M. and immediately went to bed. In the morning, I went with a party to visit the Penitentiary, and there stole a door-knob, which is a really remarkable feat when you consider the site of the theft. In the afternoon the football match came off, but I shall spare my readers the details of this massacre, which terminated in our favour by 10 points to 1.

We took the evening train for Ottawa, and the hotel-keeper was so sorry that he sent a man down to see us off; the man incidentally collected an unpaid bill for five dollars from an absent-minded excursion-



ist. Having completed the 47 miles between Kingston and Sharbot Lake in the phenomenal time of four hours and a half, we were obliged to await the C.P.R. train for two hours. I was completely tired out, and suggested to a friend that we should drop off at some intermediate station and go to bed. He agreed, and we left the team at Perth, where we stayed very comfortably three days. Here we met a few old acquaintances. Mine went back on me—dead! They had heard that I was a medical student, and my expostulations to the effect that I recognized my position and studied as little as possible, fell on unheeding ears. I broke up completely on being requested to send back some old photographs. My friend was luckier, and omitted to state our occupation till we had lunched with his acquaintances—Great head, my friend! Perth is a solid, placid old spot, and very rich. You can't throw a brick there without busting the zygoma of an heiress. Just before we left we called on Dr. Grant, of McGill, '67, who welcomed us with open arms, and treated us so well that we shed tears of joy on his shoulder. He shocked us very much by referring to our revered professors as "the boys." We left Perth Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, and arrived in Montreal to learn that the match with Ottawa had been postponed, but that the team had spent a pleasant day, visiting the libraries and museums of the Capital.

T. E. GOODWIN.

The University cricketers Fredericton defeated the I. S. C. team yesterday afternoon, in one inning. The military scored 9 in the first inning, and 39 in the second, while the University boys made 69 in one inning. Capt. O'Neill, R. A. of Halifax, played with the military, scoring 1 run in the first inning, and 15 in the second. Q. M. Sergt. Walker scored 11 in the second inning. For the University, Fowler and Stewart Skinner both made double figures.

### Personals.

Alick. Richardson, Arts, '83, spent his holidays here this summer.

Wm. Hall, '87, has been appointed chairman of the coming Annual Medical Dinner.

Charley Bland, Arts, '83, has been ordained a minister in the Methodist Church.

J. Boyd, '87, was the representative to the Annual Dinner of the Trinity Medical Students.

Sam. Fortier, Science, '85, is at engineering work in the employ of the New Water Company, Denver.

E. P. Mathewson, Science, '85, is assayer for the Pueblo Smelting and Refining Company, of Pueblo, Col.

Albert Haldimand, who dropped out at the end of his second year in '83, has returned to finish his course.

C. H. Livingston, B.A., '86, is attending Columbia University. We understand he is taking a course in Natural Science.

Geordie Wright, Arts, '84, has been killing fish and amusing himself in the intervals of "no bites" by reading the Code.

Dolard Larivière, Arts, '84, is rector of L'Eglise du Redempteur in this city, and a lecturer in the Diocesan College.

T. A. Woodruff, '87, Medicine, was the McGill representative at the Annual Dinner of the students of Toronto Medical School.

Drummond, Science, '82, is at Kamloops, B.C., and drops round occasionally to smoke a pipe with Trenholme, Science, '85, and Harry Hamilton.

J. Mabon, Arts, '84, is imparting mental philosophy and moral suasion—a large stock of which he laid in at McGill—to the boys of an academy at Inverness, Que.

"Our Jim" Pedley, Arts, '84, who was the Blake of the Undergraduates' Literary Society in its early days, has been electrifying Winnipeg audiences this summer.

Bobby Kirkpatrick, Arts, '84, and Medicine, '86, bosses the ambulance of the Montreal General Hospital. He was sitting up in front the other day and the axle broke down—small blame to it.

Percy Brown, Science, '85, dropped into the editorial sanctum last week, and perpetrated some of his characteristic puns: notwithstanding, we were delighted to see his manly form, and overlooked his levity.

E. J. Wood, M.D., C.M., '83, was in town last week. He was on his way back from Europe, where he has been passing the summer studying the eye and ear. He intends practising his specialty in St. Paul, Minn.

Dr. J. J. Marston, who hails from near Ottawa, Ont., is a graduate of McGill for the year 1863. Shortly after this he left for the States and joined the army as surgeon, a position he held for twenty years, most of which were put in at Fort Laramie. Three years ago he settled in Cheyenne and started practising. Needless to say the doctor's practice has continued to grow from the first, until now he is one of the most prominent and popular physicians in the city, respected by all its citizens for his many good qualities of head and heart.

### OH, FOR A MAN.

"Oh, for a man! the clear voice sang,  
And through the church the echo rang.  
"Oh, for a man!" she sang again—  
How could such sweetness plead in vain?

The bad boys grinned across the aisles,  
The deacon's frowns were turned to smiles.  
The singer's cheek turned deepest pink—  
At base and tenor's deepest wink.

The girls that bore the alto part  
Then took the strain with all their heart;  
"Oh, for a man, a man, a man"—  
And then the full voiced choir began

To sing with all their might and main  
The finis to the girl's refrain;  
"Oh, for a mansion in the skies,  
A man—a mansion in the skies."



## Between the Lectures.

### A TALE OF TWO FINGERS.

He took "two fingers" before he went,  
To brace his nerves a bit;  
On hunting woodcock was he bent,  
And hunted away with grit:  
But the liquor muddled his whirling brain,  
As liquor will often do,  
And the gun went off in a moment vain,  
And it took two fingers, too!

A lady and gentleman accidentally touched each other's feet under the table. "Secret telegraphy," said she. "Communion of soles," said he.

Five million needles recently sank with an ocean steamer to the bottom of the sea. We hope the mermaids will take the hint and make themselves some clothes.

"Why does that old man wear a wig, I wonder?" said an English girl to her cockney beau, who thoughtfully responded, "He probably wears it to make him wigorous."

A citizen of Galveston, scared by Wiggins' earthquake predictions, sent his two half-grown boys to a friend in the country. A few days later the friend wrote him:—"Dear Sir,—Please take your boys back and send us the earthquake.

"Does your husband write his own stories or does he keep an amanuensis?" "He does all the writing himself." "I should think he would find it so much easier to have an amanuensis, and he is well able to afford one." "That's true, but he is of so genial and kindly a disposition that he could never dictate to anyone."

THOUGHT SOME HAD BEEN ORDERED.—Mr. Isaacstein (at spiritualistic séance): Tell me how was de clothing piznsss up there?

Disembodied Spirit: We wear only angel's clothes up here.

Mr. I.: Shimminy Christmas, an' I ain't got none in shtock.

A Christian clergyman, says *The Hebrew Standard*, once went to an orthodox synagogue with a Jewish friend. He listened to the congregation chanting "Mizmar L'David" with usual congregational discord, and was told by his Jewish friend that it was sung to the same tune in the days of David. "Ah!" said the clergyman with a sigh of relief, "that accounts for it. I have often wondered why Saul threw his javelin at David."

THE GREAT PROGRESS OF EDUCATION.—"Well, sir, education is making wonderful strides just now," observed Ebenezer Jones.

"Ah!" replied Zebedee Smith.

"Yes, sir; it is. The Yale Freshmen have run the Sophomores against a tarred fence, the new men at Dartmouth have won in the 'tug of war,' and the Freshman class at Columbia were victorious in the cane rush, after tearing the clothes from their oppo-

nents' backs, blacking numbers of eyes, and breaking several noses."

"You call such occurrences wonderful strides in education, do you?"

"Undoubtedly. Why, heretofore the Sophomores have uniformly been successful in these contests."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph*.

## College World.

THERE are thirteen women in the new class in the Harvard annex this year.

MORE than 100 of the 160 girls in the Freshmen Class of Wellesley College are members of the church.

THE matriculation and bursary examinations for Dalhousie college, commenced on Thursday, the 14th of October.

THE N. B. University eleven, defeated the Woodstock club, at Hartland on Friday, October 15th, by an innings and 33 runs. Woodstock made 14 in their first innings and 23 in the second. The students rolled up 70 in one innings.

It is quite likely that the property of the Chicago University, whose trustees have given up the institution, unable to clear off the debt of \$300,000 hanging over it, will pass into the hands of Archbishop Feehan, who will convert the place into a theological seminary.

THE Manitoba College Literary Society held its first open meeting on October 15th in the college, beginning at 8 o'clock. Dr. Bryce, the president of the society delivered an address, and the prizes won last year were presented. The entertainment concluded with an interesting literary and musical programme.

OWING to the lameness resulting from a sprain received five weeks ago, President Warren of Boston University (Methodist), has requested leave of absence two or three weeks for rest and recuperation. As the School of Theology will not open until November 3, this will not interfere with his teaching duties.

AMONG the several foreign students at Lincoln University there are two Koreans. One of them, P. Q. Soh, is the son of a prince of second rank. The other calls himself Mr. Willie. They are here to receive a Christian education. Both are earnest men, and making rapid progress in the English language.

DR. Almon Brooks, of Chicago, has taken a suit against Harvard College for \$50,000, on behalf of his son, Francis R. Brooks, who was seriously injured by a chemical experiment made in the college under the directions of his professor. Mr. Brooks' face was permanently disfigured by sulphuric acid, and his father claims that the professor was to blame. Dr. Brooks says, "I intend to show the public the ignorance and carelessness which exist in that pretentious institution." Whether he will succeed in doing so remains to be seen. Harvard is the centre of the philosophical school of christianity, which is altogether too good to need salvation by faith in the atonement of Christ, and too learned to accept so "crude" a doctrine. It would not be surprising to learn that there was a good deal of superficiality about such an institution.



## OBITUARIES.

We are sure that all the professors and students who frequent the museum, will feel sincere sympathy for Mr. Edward Ardley, who last week suffered a great loss by the death of his wife from pneumonia. Edward is the caretaker of the museum, and every one notes the extreme cleanliness and order in which it is kept, and appreciates his willingness to oblige at all times. He will feel his loss all the more keenly as she was still a young woman, the mother of five young children, who are thus left motherless when most they need her kind care.

We regret to announce in this issue the death of Mr. John L. Duffet, student in Medicine at McGill, which took place at his home at Kinnear's Mills, Que., on the 20th July last. Mr. Duffet entered upon the study of Medicine in '82, passing his primary examination with honors in '84. He attended the session of '84-85, but with gradually failing health. In March, '87, he had an attack of acute bronchitis which terminated in phthisis. In the fall of that year he went to Colorado. The benefit to his health was only temporary, and he returned home, very much emaciated in June last, his death taking place a few weeks later.

Mr. Duffet was a diligent student, possessing good talent and amiable qualities; and his untimely death will be heard of with regret by his class mates of '86.

## Correspondence.

## ENCOURAGEMENT OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

*To the Editors University Gazette:—*

DEAR SIRs,—Having read much recently in the papers about the causes of the stagnant condition of Canadian literature, I thought of suggesting through your columns a plan which came into my head when thinking over the matter. The plan consists of the formation of an Author's Society, whose chief object shall be the publication of works by its members. It is generally recognized that the non-existence of a Canadian literature arises largely from causes of an economic nature, and that if we could create a market, literary productions would soon be forthcoming. Such a market, I think, an Author's Society would soon open up. Another trouble is that in Canada we have few men of literary tastes, who have means and leisure to risk in literary speculations. I think the creation of such a Society would also meet this difficulty. Suppose four hundred members should join from the whole of Canada, at a subscription of, say, ten dollars a year. This would give four thousand dollars a year income, to be administered by the committee. Each member should have the right of sending in one or more of his works, which he is desirous of publishing. The committee should then choose a certain number of the best, and publish as many as they can afford to, a new choice taking place every year. Arrangements of a uniform nature should of course be made with the author, all risk, however, lying with the Society.

Each member of the Society should receive copies of the books published, and would thus in any case get some return for his subscription. If the committee made wise and impartial selections, the Society would probably make a profit, and would gradually be able to publish more works. They might after a while, in addition, publish a magazine which would be a credit to our young country.

This suggestion may strike others as of an entirely visionary and unpractical nature, and of course in this practical age we cannot afford time to examine visionary schemes; but should it commend itself to any of your readers, I hope that they will give expression to their approval.

I remain,

Dear Sirs,

Yours truly,

J. RALPH MURRAY.

## Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

*Editors University Gazette:—*

DEAR SIRs,—In the circular sent out by the Y.M.C.A., relative to the proposed building, it was mentioned that the Toronto men, after some months' use, speak with enthusiasm of their new building, which was opened only last spring. With your permission I would like to give some extracts from letters received from Toronto, which will illustrate and substantiate the statement.

"Once we were homeless; now we have a local habitation and a name. The time has gone by, when men could be at the University for months without knowing of our existence. We nearly all agree in wondering how we managed to do our work without a building devoted entirely to association purposes." "Our meetings are now held in quietness and comfort. The numbers at our prayer meeting on Thursday will double during the year. Will they not naturally be better attended with carpeted rooms and a grate fire?" "The building has led to the stirring up of the Christian men of the University and created a strong bond between them. It has also improved our singing by regular singing practices. We have now nine good training classes at work, and a tenth ready to be organized. Arrangements have been made for holding a series of missionary concerts." "We have ordered chess and draught boards. It is our intention hereafter to open the building on Sunday. It will be a pleasant place in which to take refuge from the ordinary boarding house. If other societies desire to use the building we are glad to allow them, requiring only a fair rental. We secured this fall the addresses, terms, conditions, description, etc., of about 60 good boarding-houses, and helped over 100 men to find pleasant homes."

"It is not so much what the building is as what we see it can be made to be. We all feel strongly regarding the inexpressible advantages that have followed our successful scheme."

"Now about the finances, you need anticipate no trouble. You will have a little, of course, but nothing to signify. Zeal and prayer are the two essentials. If the students are once thoroughly incited—if they mean



business, then there can be no doubt about the final issue. I feel confident that in a few months you will be able to get out a programme with a similar statement on it as on ours: 'The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad.'

I hope that the above extracts have not been too numerous: I could not refrain from giving them all, because they come from men who have actually experienced the benefits which we may fairly expect will follow the erection of a building at McGill.

Yours sincerely,  
Jos. K. UNSWORTH.

### TROJANS AND THE NEW BRIDGE.

Mr. Editor:—

DEAR SIR,—In your last issue, "Student in Applied Science," notes the intended visit to the new Lachine Bridge, of a party of Troy Students. May I make known through your valuable paper that these gentlemen, after making an arrangement with a representative of the Bridge Company, to meet them at the train, never turned up. It is supposed they attended the Hunt Club Steeplechases in preference.

Could not a special horse race be planned for our students, "together with one of our professors to explain any points," in order to emulate our Trojan friends' example.

Yours,  
MCGILL COLLEGE, 2nd November, '86. VERITAS.

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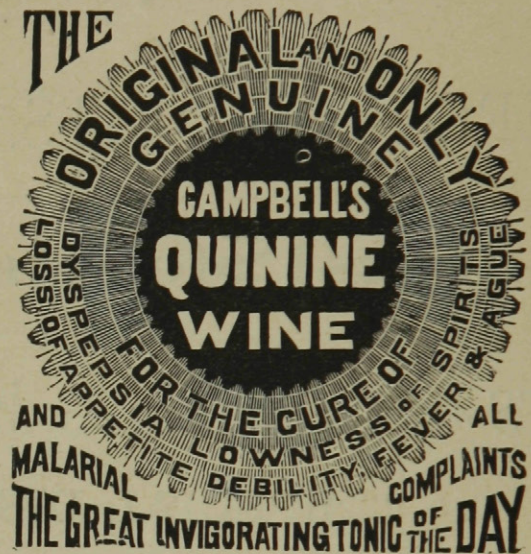
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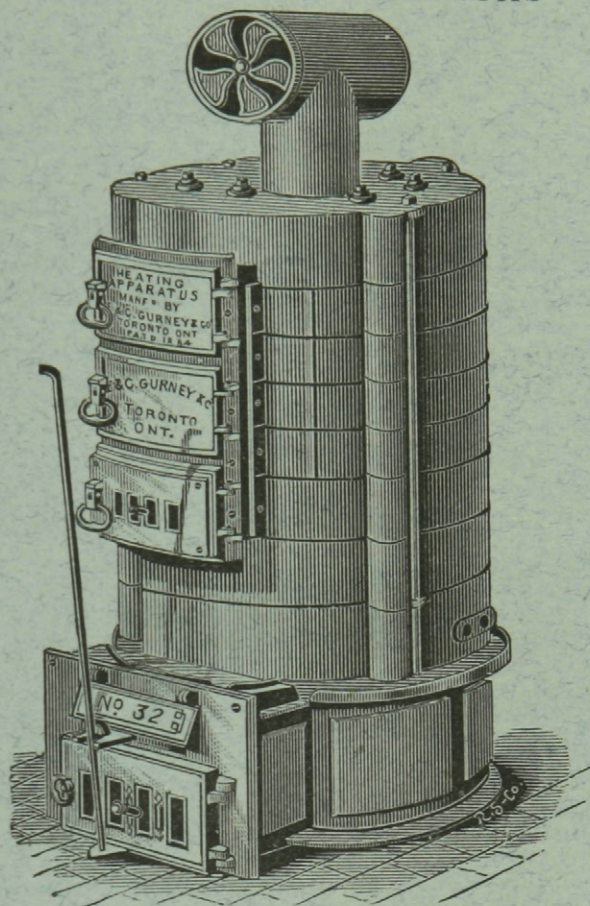
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